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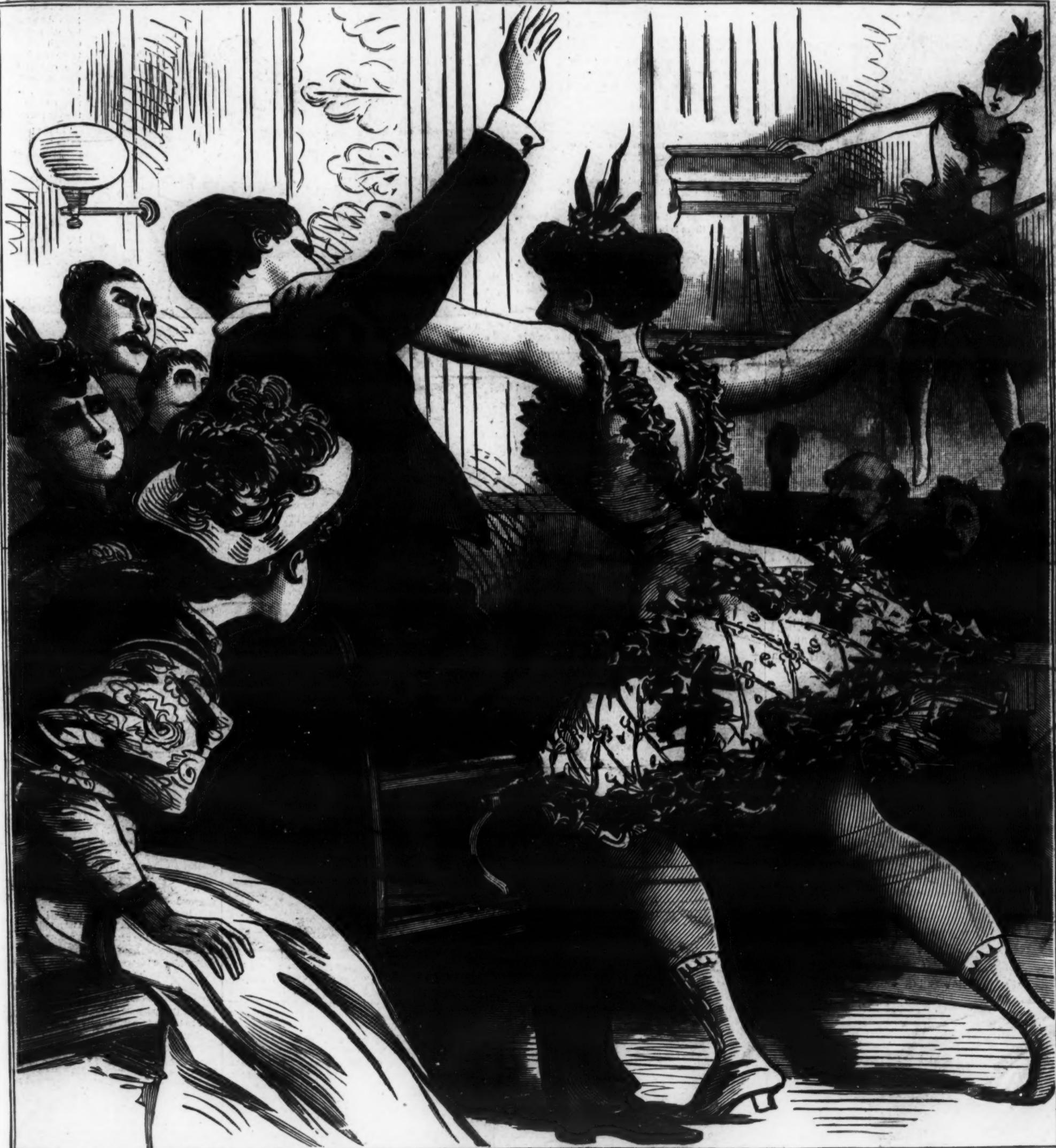
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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SHE ASSAULTED THE CRITIC.

AN IRATE COMIC OPERA SINGER LEAVES THE STAGE IN MONTREAL TO ATTACK A NEWSPAPERMAN.



RICHARD K. FOX, . . . Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE.
Franklin Square, New York.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING

SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1894.

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BOXING CONTESTS NOT ILLEGAL.

The fact that the Supreme Courts in the States of Louisiana and Florida have decided that boxing contests are not illegal is a glorious vindication of what the POLICE GAZETTE has maintained right along. This news will be greeted with joy in the sporting world, and it will give a fresh impetus to the manly art in the South.

In view of this fact, several new clubs have already been formed both in New Orleans and Jacksonville, and the competition that will ensue between them and the older organizations will bring about some good matches for very large purses.

Strenuous efforts are being made to have the Corbett-Jackson match brought off South of Mason and Dixon's line, and the bidding between rival clubs is likely to be very exciting. There is also talk of arranging a match between Bob Fitzsimmons and Joe Choyinski, and having it take place at New Orleans.

Therefore, the publication of the magnificent supplement which will be given next week free to every purchaser of the POLICE GAZETTE comes in at the proper moment. It represents James J. Corbett and Peter Jackson as they will appear in the ring when the proposed match takes place. It is lithographed in twelve colors, and the artist has succeeded, not only in accurately reproducing the features of both of these modern gladiators, but he is also to be congratulated on the fact that he has injected a certain amount of action in the attitudes of both fighters, which places it far above the stereotyped and conventional pictures of this kind.

The success achieved by the last supplement issued by the POLICE GAZETTE, which represented Corbett and Mitchell in the ring, argues well for the reception of the present one. No expense has been spared to more than surpass the previous high standard set by this paper in publications of this kind. This means that the coming picture will be a work of art worthy of being handsomely framed. It may be ordered from any newsdealer, who will furnish it free with every copy of No. 872 of the POLICE GAZETTE.

MASKS AND FACES.

A Plea for the Sprightly and Chic Chorus Girl.

MAY YOHE'S METEORIC LIFE.

The Difficulties Encountered in Writing a Successful Comic Opera to Order.

OTERO A SENSATION IN PARIS.

It is on these sunny afternoons on Broadway that we see the dainty chorus girl in all her glory. She is generally *chic*, sprightly, silvery-voiced, plump of thigh and slender of ankle, generous in the display of personal charms, wicked of glance, and full of distracting little tricks and enchanting kicks.

She has been made the butt for the hrows of outrageous cynics and picayune paragrapheurs, who affect cynicism and diaphanous wit in an abortive effort to appear "real devilish."

She is anathematized by the "unco guid" and misunderstood by the wicked. As, for some esoteric and inscrutable reason, the ballet girl is popularly portrayed as an antique, a lingering survival of some long-dead decade, so the chorus girl is universally held up to us as a creature abnormal of morals and full of diabolical.

But she is not.

She is just as human and womanly as the average run of her sisters. Only, as we know her, she does not wear garments that are put on over her head; and, again, there is in her scant manifes-

and saddened almost to tears by the necessity of hiding from admiring masculine eyes the beautiful form with which nature has endowed them. And this is all the harder to bear when a woman whose face is plain and unattractive is convinced that if the conventions of life but permitted the rest of her person as fair a show as her face, her beauty would be irresistible and she would be accorded the adulation she so hungrily craves.

To such women the burlesque or spectacular stage affords a ready and magnificent pretext for revealing their bodily beauties to the public gaze, and there are women in every chorus who are comfortably off in this world's goods, who seek engagements, leave pleasant homes and endure the discomforts of stage life simply because of the opportunities it affords them of presenting themselves before audiences in very low bodices and without skirts.

Nothing has conferred upon the somnolent little town of Bethlehem, Pa., a title of the celebrity which has recently come to it as the birthplace of May Yohe. Authoritative and official advice leaves no room to doubt that this charming divinity of the vaudeville stage has actually become Lady Hope, a sure-enough British peeress.

It is only a half dozen years ago or so that the ambitious Pennsylvania girl determined that the world held larger things than were contained in the ancient Moravian settlement on the Lehigh river, and she set

money, but loves diamonds. She is literally covered with these gems when she dances, having circles, stomachers, tiaras, buttons and rivers of diamonds in every direction. One celebrated critic in Paris says that she has at least a million francs' worth of diamonds, and then adds, naively, that she is the greatest dancer in the world.

J. Cheever Goodwin, who has achieved fame as the librettist of "Evangeline," "The Oolah," "The Merry Monarch," "Wang," "Panjandrum" and several other works of similar character, was talking to me recently about the labor required in preparing such a production.

"The hardest work in preparing comic opera is to frame the story," he said. "It is an easy matter to find a theme, but you must find a theme of sufficient scope to fill an opera. Incidents must be interwoven to carry the story with interest through two or three hours, and when this is lacking it is easy for many to say: 'No plot.' The story may be most interesting, but it is exhausted long before the time is up. I have worked on half a dozen elaborate plots before I could agree with the composer on one which suited. Then came the development of the story and the arrangement of the characters to fit the people who are to produce the piece."

"The trouble with modern burlesque and comic opera is the demand that the people employed, down to the slightest character, must be fitted perfectly. In former

days when the star was off the stage all interest ceased, but the people of today expect to be amused every moment during the performance, and it is frequently more difficult to fit the minors than the principals. As a rule, in the matter of material, there is enough accumulated for three entire operas before one can be framed. We discard lyrics and acts piecemeal, and there is much more thrown away than is ever used.

"In the preparation of an extravaganza or comic opera, the scenic artist has quite as important a part as anyone else. Unless there is intimate consultation between the librettist, composer and scenic artist there is much useless expense. When a model is accepted everything must work in complete unison. A great deal of applause and credit which is given to the author, composer and superintendent of the production is especially due to the scenic artist and costumer. An idea that this work is haphazard will be dispelled with the knowledge that these two are in constant consultation and work together in every detail. The colors

must not jar in the least. Formerly the chorus and characters appeared in each scene in the same costume. To-day the costumer provides a complete description of every costume, including the colors and a sample of the goods.

"There is no lack of subjects," concluded Mr. Goodwin, "but no certain direction can be followed. The old pieces were ready made, those of to-day are custom made, and the best subject is the one to admit of the best tailoring. It is not the new idea so much as the arrangement. A piano has no new notes, they have been struck thousands of times, yet new music is being constantly arranged. The originality lies in putting the incidents and ideas together in attractive, artistic and successful arrangement. One of the greatest difficulties in arrangement is the development of incidents according to a time schedule. They must be elaborated or condensed to exactly a certain time. Everything must go according to the number of minutes, and frequently very pretty scenes must be sacrificed. It requires a very considerable knowledge of the people and their characteristics and peculiarities in forming this arrangement. When the piece is outlined with the composer, a time card must be arranged and a balance struck. So much is allowed for dialogue, singing, entrance, setting and striking of scenes, and when all is complete, the curtain goes up and the new piece is pronounced a success, the author sits back and feels that the hours, days, months, and sometimes years, of labor have been justified."

Adele Ritchie, whose rapid bound from the ranks of the chorus in "The Isle of Champagne" to the position of *prima donna* in "The Algerian" has given her a wide degree of publicity, seems to be governed by some remarkable impulses. One of the members of her company amused a group of listeners recently with a dozen stories of her doings in Texas.

"The morning after our performance in Galveston," said she, "Miss Ritchie asked me how I liked the city. On my telling her that I was very much impressed with it, she surprised me by asking:

"Don't you think it would be a jolly good idea to remain here for the rest of the week? The other towns in which we are booked are miserable places and I will telegraph the 'Governor' now that it would be better to lay off here for the rest of the week."

"The 'Governor' was the wealthy enthusiast who had supplied capital to the amount of several thousand dollars for the purpose of gratifying Miss Ritchie's ambition to be the important personage of a comic opera or gauzine, and he was then in New York. The telegram was sent, an answer which I presume was favorable came quickly, and the company remained in Galveston for five nights. How did she settle with the managers of the towns where she failed to appear? I don't know anything about that. That is a dry business detail with which artists are not supposed to concern themselves."

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THE CHORUS GIRL'S DREAM.

of the typical feminine love of concealment—for she conceals but little besides her age.

In a word, she is just a woman, young or matured, with all the weaknesses and all the strength of womanhood; neither more pious nor more depraved than her sisters, who are by profession millionaires' daughters, or typewriters or shop girls. Usually she is on the stage for what she generally denominates as "simileons," but instances are by no means rare where she is impelled to invade the magic realm that lies beyond the footlights by other than mercenary considerations. Managers of comic opera, burlesque and spectacular entertainments are constantly solicited for places by girls and women who are not under any shadow of necessity for wage-earning.

Why?

Merely vanity. The soul of woman generally thirsts for admiration. Think of the thousands, the hundreds of thousands of women who stand before their mirror and are vexed

for the Beautiful and Richly Colored Supplement that will be Presented, Free, to every purchaser of POLICE GAZETTE No. 872, out Thursday, May 10, a life-like representation of Corbett and Jackson in the ring. Make sure of getting it by sending \$1.00 for 13 weeks' subscription to RICHARD K. FOX, PUBLISHER.

PEEPS BEHIND THE SCENES.

A Chicago Actor's Matrimonial Venture, and the Sequel.

MUCH LIKE BRECKINRIDGE.

A Bridgeport, Ct., Man's Plea Resembles That of the Kentucky Colonel.

NOVEL GROUNDS FOR DIVORCE.

Paul Gilmore had a poor time of it during his short married career. He is an actor and will be remembered as a member of the "Ensign" company. His brother is the lessee of the Standard Theatre, at Chicago, and it is difficult to fit in the principle, in the material, there is a mulled for operas before framed. We s and act and there is thrown away.

Separation of an or comic op- eratic artist has a part a use. Unless a complete consulta- librettist, a scenic artist with useless ex- in a model is everything must complete union of applause which is given or, composer independent of the especially du- castic artist and An idea that haphazard will be with the that these two constant consulta- work together in. The colors the chorus and same costume, etc. description and a sample of

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thrust who had a thousand dollars a Ritchie's ambi- a comic opera of York. The tele- sume was favor- any remained in the settle with the called to appear. It is a dry busi- posed to concert

pie. The artificial blonde has been laughed out of the theatres and public places in New York at last, though she has not yet been charged with sportiveness in our divorce courts on account of her yellow locks.

Following the example of Col. Breckinridge under similar circumstances, Edward T. Whitlock, in court at Bridgeport, Ct., attributed his downfall to the wiles of Mary Brower.

"Do you mean to say," said her lawyer, "that she betrayed you?"

"That's about the size of it," replied Whitlock.

The case is on trial before Judge Thayer. The plaintiff, Mrs. Mary C. Brower, and Mr. Whitlock, as well as their families, are members of the Hanson Place Methodist Church, Brooklyn, N. Y. She charges that he is the father of her daughter Mary's babe, which is now two and a half years old. She was a dressmaker at No. 184 South Elliott Place, Brooklyn, in 1890. Mary, the betrayed girl, was then twenty years old, while Whitlock was two years younger. She was the first witness. She is an uncommonly small and slender girl; Whitlock is a six-footer, portly and handsome.

She testified that she first met Whitlock at a meeting in church at which the pastor told those present to throw off formality, shake hands, and become acquainted. She shook hands with young Whitlock and soon after became engaged. She says he betrayed her under promise of marriage and that her babe was born in July, 1891.

On his own behalf Whitlock testified that he did not make her acquaintance in church, but that she tried several times to attract his attention by flirting a handkerchief at him on the street. He spoke to her first on

her parents a mile from that village. A few months ago she met at a party young William O'Neill, of Arcade. They fell in love. For some reason the girl's father objected to O'Neill's addresses to his daughter, and a week or so ago forbade him the house. The lovers managed to communicate with each other and an elopement was planned. O'Neill was to have a carriage at the house on a certain night last week, and in it Miss Thoman was to be driven to her lover, who was to be waiting for her in the village. At least that was the plan, but the girl's father in some way discovered it, and he forthwith made his daughter a prisoner in a room in the second story of their cottage. News was carried to O'Neill of the imprisonment of Miss Thoman and the bold plan of eloping that very day, in broad daylight, while the stern father was off his guard, was decided upon.

Fred Peek, of Avoca, who had already managed two successful elopements, was engaged to go after the girl. He drove to the Thoman residence. There was no ladder on the premises, and Father Thoman, who was busy in his barn, had the key to the girl's room in his pocket. But his daughter was equal to the occasion. She tied the bed clothes together and came down out of the window hand over hand. She had not reached the carriage when her father came out of the barn and discovered her escape. He ran to recapture her, but Peek helped her into the carriage, got on his seat and whipped up his horses before the irate parent reached the spot, and away he flew with the girl toward her lover.

It happened that Thoman's horses were away, but he started in pursuit of his daughter on foot. Peek drove on a dead run to the village. O'Neill joined them at the hotel and they drove quickly to Squire McMillan's office. The Squire married them, and they were on

full of smoke, and an occasional flash of red told her that it had already begun to burn. She steadied herself on the soap box and then shattered the window with a single blow of her axe. The glass had hardly ceased falling before she had seized the sill firmly and shot her body half way into the room. Smoke and flame shot out on either side of her, and the persons who watched below thought that she must lose her life in her heroic endeavor.

But she fell back. The box slipped as her feet struck it again and she rolled upon the shed. She regained her feet in an instant, and panting and disheartened reached the ground once more. "I did my best," said she simply. "God help the little ones now."

By this time two fire companies had arrived, but the house was beyond saving and soon nothing remained except the foundation walls. Several hours afterward, when the ruins had cooled, they found three charred little bodies.

BATTLE WITH COXEY'S FOLLOWERS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The first bloodshed resulting from the clashes between the law and the Industrial Army movement, of which Coxey is the leader, was witnessed at Billings, Mont. One morning recently the town was thrown into wild excitement by the announcement that the train-stealing contingent of the Coxey army was rushing into the city on a Northern Pacific train from the West at a high rate of speed, closely followed by a train load of United States deputy marshals. The truth of the statement was verified a few minutes before noon, when the train of box cars ran into town. The Coxeyites were overtaken by the special train of the marshals just as they entered the limits of the city. After their arrival it was learned that the marshals' train overtook the Hogan contingent just as they were pulling away from Columbus, formerly known as Stillwater, and attempted to arrest the progress of the train bearing the unemployed. The leaders would not yield to the demands of the marshals to give up the train, and instructed their men to go ahead, which was done. The two trains came on during the forenoon hours until the city was reached, when a stop was ordered, the conflict between the two bodies resulting.

Marshal McDermott then ordered the leaders of the captured train to surrender, and when the latter refused a few of the marshals fired upon the crowd of men on the cars. The shots were quickly returned by the Industrialists.

A number of shots were exchanged between the parties before Marshal McDermott could gain control of his men. During the firing one of the deputies was seriously wounded and one of the men on the rear platform of the car was shot in the groin. McDermott decided that his men were not equal to the odds against them and ordered his men to cease firing.

The captured train soon after pulled out from the depot, and McDermott notified the authorities that his force was inadequate to capture the 500 men who were determined to retain possession of the train. The party then proceeded to Forsyth, Montana.

Meantime Col. Page of Fort Keogh had secured a special train and was thundering down the road to meet the train-stealing contingent. He came into Forsyth shortly after midnight, and found a large part of the Coxey army asleep in the box cars.

The surprise was so complete that the Coxeyites gave up without a struggle. The troops left most of the men aboard of the train and surrounded it. The military instructions to Gen. Merritt were to hold the train and all on board until they could be delivered to the United States Marshal for Montana, subject to the order of the United States District Court.

EGGED IN HIS PULPIT.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The Rev. Samuel Rothermel, of Monument City, Ind., recently swore out warrants against nine young men who, he alleges, disturbed his meetings. A noisy crowd appeared at one of the Sunday services and raised a disturbance. He protested, and in return received a volley of eggs that broke over him and several other persons. The excuse given by the assailants is that the Rev. Rothermel is such a poor speaker that they wanted to keep him from holding any more meetings.

SHE ASSAULTED THE CRITIC.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

During a performance at the French Opera House, in Montreal, Canada, Madame Glonville, the leading lady, left the stage and attacked Mr. St. Louis, a prominent critic, on account of certain criticisms he had made on her performance. The affair caused a great uproar, and the police had to put an end to the disturbance.

A PLUCKY WOMAN.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Mrs. Nora Green, who resides near Nortonville, in Logan county, Ky., must be a plucky woman. She was preparing some food for a tramp and the impudent fellow kissed her. She grabbed her husband's pistol and shot him twice.

CHARLES BEARD.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

A picture of Charles Beard appears in this issue. Mr. Beard is a young comedian who also does a "turn" with musical instruments. He will be heard with some prominent vaudeville company next season.

THOMAS J. SHELLEY.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Thomas J. Shelley is the treasurer of the Imperial Music Hall. He is a popular young man with the patrons of the house, and well known in professional circles. His portrait appears on another page.

Too often the case! "Ruined by a Faithless Woman," No. 11 of FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES. One of the best of the Series: 65 illustrations by French artists. Sent by mail to any address on receipt of price, 50 cents. Address RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.



SHE ENTERTAINED HER HUSBAND'S FRIENDS.

Something new in divorce cases has turned up in San Francisco, where the Superior Court is struggling over a question which is new to the world and to the law. A man of sensitive feelings is suing his wife for divorce because she is cruel to him, and the cruelty, he says, consists in the fact that she wears bleached hair. In his complaint he says:

"Bleached or artificially colored hair is easily distinguished as such, and does not appear natural, nor does it deceive any person, but it is perfectly patent and noticeable. It is regarded by the majority of right-thinking persons as an indication of a loose, dissolute and wanton disposition, and is regarded as, and commonly held to be, a practice never affected by modest, pure and respectable women."

Later on the husband speaks of being mortified, shamed, and humiliated because his wife changed the color of her hair. He adds:

"She is a brunette naturally. Her hair is of chestnut-brown color, which, in its normal state, is modest and becoming, and harmonizes with the natural color of her skin and eyes. Since we married she has, against my wishes and protests, and with intent to vex, annoy, exasperate and shame me, dyed her hair and changed its shade to a conspicuous and showy straw or canary color. As a consequence of this artificial coloring, she has been obliged to paint her face to secure an artificial complexion in keeping with the artificial color of her hair. The combination has given her a giddy, fast and sporty appearance."

The suit of this San Francisco litigant will call attention to the gradual disappearance of the chemical blonde in New York. Without going into the question of whether a molasses taffy color of hair gives the wearer "a giddy, fast and sporty appearance," it is certain that the number of women whose heads are decorated by yellow hair is rapidly diminishing. Everybody is familiar with the woman of advanced years whose head is suddenly surmounted by a mop of bright yellow hair. It makes her face, which formerly looked wholesome enough, colorless, old and gray, but it does not deter her elderly sisters from following her example.

The prettiest girl in and around the village of Aurora, N. Y., was Clara Thoman. She lived with

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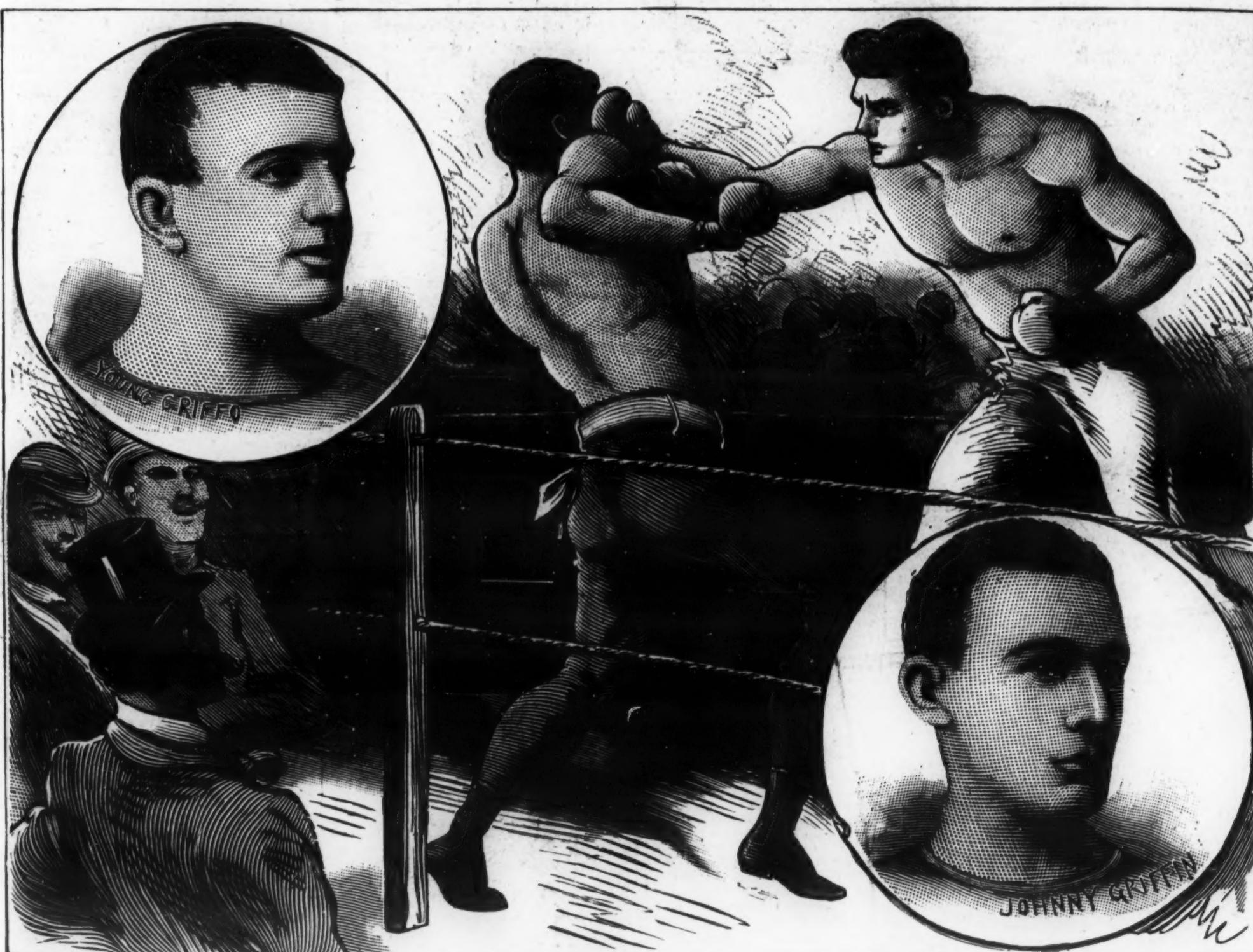
A CHARMING TRIO.

IT INCLUDES PRETTY GERALDINE ULMAR, TALENTED M'LLE BIANCA AND WINSOME KITTY COLEMAN.



FOUGHT FOR HIS LIFE.

PHILIP STROUSSE HAS A TERRIBLE STRUGGLE WITH A WOULD-BE MURDERER, NEAR NEWARK, N. J.



FOUGHT TO A DRAW.

JOHNNY GRIFFIN AND YOUNG GRIFFO, THE AUSTRALIAN, HAVE A LIVELY EIGHT-ROUND BATTLE, IN BOSTON,

HER HUSBAND LEFT HER.

C. W. M. Meniecke Escapes from Home in a Gauzy Attire.

HIS FAMILY WAS THE CAUSE.

Mrs. Meniecke has Her Own Version of the Affair, which She Explains.

SHE VIGOROUSLY WIELDS A RAWHIDE

One of the apartments of No. 112 West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, in New York City, has been very active during the past nine days, lawyers, doctors, messengers, citizens, men, women and children arriving and departing. There have been loud conversations, shouts, screams, walls, imprecations, pleadings. This apartment is the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. M. Meniecke and their children and Mrs. Meniecke's children by her first husband. Mr. Meniecke is a dealer in druggist's supplies at No. 257 Greenwich street, the head of a most prosperous business, and one of a Jersey City family of considerable wealth. Mrs. Meniecke is a young woman of Pelhamville, New York, very good to look at, twice married, the mother of an incredible number of children, considering her age, the heroine of a railway wreck, and a woman that loves her husband too much for her or his good, as she herself says. It may be well to say also that Mr. Meniecke loves his wife too much for his or her good.

It seems that when Mr. Meniecke, whom Mrs. Meniecke calls Willie, first met her she was married to another man. "I shall not say much of my first," said Mrs. Meniecke, "except that he was a man any woman on Fifth avenue might be proud to marry. But Mr. Meniecke came. Everybody says they don't see what I see in him, he being tall and lank and consumptive looking and very black, but I do, and did love him, and he has the greatest fascination for me and I for him. I am a sensible woman in most things, but about Mr. Meniecke I am a plain fool."

So it came to pass that Mrs. Meniecke divorced her first husband and married Mr. Meniecke secretly, and afterward, March 28, openly.

"You would have to understand all about our dispositions," said Mrs. Meniecke, "before you could understand about our troubles."

"But how about the disappearance of Mr. Meniecke in his nightshirt at midnight?"

"I shall get to that presently," said Mrs. Meniecke. "I am in a terrible state and the twins were born only six weeks ago. They came earlier because I fell through a fire escape. Oh, that was awful! But I am a healthy woman, and I may say that Mr. Meniecke and my first could call for congratulations every 10 months. I never missed in nearly 10 years. But, as I was saying, Mr. Meniecke and I love each other too well. We might have got on very well if it had not been for some of his people. His mother came, and his sisters. They didn't like it because I had help when they had no help, but did their own work. I liked to dress nice and they said I was extravagant. Why, when my mother came she would not turn over a piece of paper to see what was on the other side. But his people inquired into everything. They said I kept him from his business. Now, how could I?"

"But why did he leave in his nightgown at midnight?" "I shall get to that."

Well, he and I signed separation papers once, but in less than a week he was back. Only he didn't want to live with me as a husband should with a wife. He just wanted to stay over Sunday and then go away.

"Well, things went on, and he came and went away and came back again. When he went away he used to wave at me from way up the street, and I waved my handkerchief to him; but he wouldn't come again for a long time. On the wedding anniversary he sent flowers, but I sent them back. At last I couldn't stand it any longer. The twins had just been born, and they were so delicate that they had to be cared for like a flower in March. So I went down to his office and got him and brought him up here. That was ten days ago. And when I got him to bed he said he would go away in the morning, but I said 'No, indeed,' and I hid his shoes and his coat and vest. Well, his people came and the lawyer came, and my doctor and a strange doctor came, and everybody was trying to work to adjust things, but somehow nothing would come straight. This lasted until last Tuesday. He spent the day quietly with me. In the evening I got a barber to come in and shave him. Then several people came and tried to settle things and then we were left alone.

"Now, Mr. Meniecke is one of those men who doesn't care particularly about nice nightshirts, or any of that sort of thing. He calls nice clothes nonsense. But I am a great believer in nice things. I was brought up that way. And so whenever I saw a nice nightgown, a fine pink or blue one, or some delicate shade, I liked to buy it for Meniecke. So the other evening I laid out a nice pale blue nightgown with ribbons for him, and then I put on a thin silk night gown and we went to bed. But he got up and said he wasn't going to stay any longer. He said he was feeling very sick, and he got up and went into the other room, where there is no

bed, nothing but a lounge. I took the bed out of there. He locked himself in and said he wouldn't come out until I gave him his vest and shoes. He had on his trousers."

"And the pale blue nightgown, with ribbons?"

"Yes, his nightgown and his trousers. I got up to look through the transom at him and broke the transom. Then I gave him his vest and shoes, and went in the bedroom and lay down, waiting for him to come back, but he did not come. I heard the door slam and feet scurrying down the stairs."

"And what did you do?"

"I rushed out in my thin gown and bare feet, with nothing else on, and ran down stairs and into the street, calling after him."

"And where was he?"

"I don't know. I couldn't see him anywhere. He was gone. I haven't seen him since. I had to run back because I was nearly frozen with hardly anything at all on."

"And did Mr. Meniecke have a hat?"

"No, indeed. I had his hat locked up."

"Or a coat?"

"No, and I don't think he had a vest. I think he just had his nightgown tucked into his trousers and his shoes on his feet."

"And has he disappeared?"

"No, I had a note from him saying he would not write to me any more until I returned the rest of his clothes."

"And what are you going to do?"

"I don't know what to do. I love him and he loves me. I know he prefers me to any woman in the world. I don't see why he should act so. He would tell you himself that he loves me."

"You have said you were going to bring suit for damages against his partners for alienating his affections."

"Yes, they are all against me. But I feel sure he will come back. He says he can't live without me."

"Are you going to separate from him?"

"I don't know. You see, I don't understand myself about him. I don't know what will happen."

This is only a little bit of Mrs. Meniecke's story. She

who had followed him. In his hasty flight he had outdistanced his assailant, and by his quickness had escaped serious injury. There was one slight mark across his face.

When Mrs. Meniecke saw the wire cage she stopped and took a careful survey of the situation. She saw there was not the slightest chance for a continuation of the assault. All she could do was to glare, brandish her rawhide and talk.

"I gave it to him good," she said, with a hysterical laugh. "He is the cause of all my trouble. My husband got me to leave my other husband to marry him and this man Boese has tried ever since to separate us. He gets Meniecke down here and persuades him that I am in his way. That is the reason I cohided him, and I am only sorry I didn't get a chance to give it to him harder than I did. Two good licks were all I could get, but he won't forget them."

FOUGHT FOR HIS LIFE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A desperate attempt at murder to avenge a fancied wrong was made recently on the farm of William Becker, at Becker's Woods, near Hilton, five miles west of Newark, N. J.

The victim is Philip Strousse, a farm hand. His assailant was a farm hand, who is known only as "Joe,"

with the attempt to rob David Robinson by brutally torturing him by turning his thumbs toward the wrists in a vain effort to make him disclose the spot where he kept his money.

SHE WAS AVENGED.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

In full view of the matinee audience which filled the lobby of the Chicago Opera House the other afternoon, a jealous wife administered chastisement to two handsome and nicely dressed women and to their escort—presumably the irate woman's husband.

Maddened by real or fancied wrong, the wife rained blows upon the pretty facial features of her husband's charges and then varied her attentions with sundry smashes on the nose of him whom she had promised to love, honor and obey.

The assault created tremendous excitement, which was by no means lessened when the madame seized her spouse by the collar and marched him shame-faced down the lobby.

The identity of the persons most interested in this remarkable scene could not be learned. They were evidently strangers in the city.

Just before the curtain was raised a fine equipage drove up and stopped in front of the theatre. The negro attendant at the curb turned the silver handle of the carriage door and out stepped a middle-aged man in faultless attire. He was followed by two elegantly dressed women.

One of them wore a spring bonnet that was lavish evidence of millinery art. Diamonds glistened in her ears and there was a soft rustling of skirts as she daintily lifted her dress. She was handsome and she knew it. The other woman wore a stylish gown of light material and a hat that would attract attention in a convention of women.

The women passed in and waited in the lobby until their escort purchased seats. The transaction at the box office did not take more than half a minute.

The orchestra was thrumming out the overture when a coupe rattled up to the Opera House entrance and stopped. A man and woman got out. The woman appeared to be greatly excited. She was dressed in black and wore a heavy veil. There were no frills about this woman.

A man was with her, and he bought a ticket. She was nervous, and evidently very angry. Passing the doorkeeper, she went into the lobby and at once caught sight of the trio. They were chatting away and eating bon-bons when the little woman with the parasol interrupted their *ete-a-tete*. They had no intimation of the approach of the enemy. So interested were they in the bon-bons and each other's company that they did not notice the bobbing of heads and sudden rustling movement of most of the crowd of ticket purchasers upon whom the determined woman with the parasol had made an impression. She did not hesitate when she reached the trio.

Quick as a flash she brought her parasol down on the pretty bonnet and smashed it. Then she struck the pretty woman in the face with her clenched fist and followed this up by a blow at the other woman. The man tried to interfere and he got a straight blow in the face. Blood was trickling from a wound on the blonde woman's face, and tears were streaming down her cheeks. Her companion was also crying. The man held his head like a whipped cur. None of them had offered any resistance and were trying to sink out of sight of the hundreds of spectators.

Suddenly the woman abandoned her parasol attack and, catching the man by the collar, she marched him out of the lobby while the crowd jeered and howled. After they were safely outside, the other two women, each holding a handkerchief to conceal her face, went to the ladies retiring room and did not leave the theatre until everybody else had gone. Quite a crowd followed the man and woman out to the street. There he seemed to recover his self-possession and the woman released her hold.

They walked along, he continually attempting to hurry her as he pleaded with her to keep quiet by saying that it would ruin them both if their identity became known. "I have nothing to conceal," replied the woman, loud enough for passers-by to hear. "I don't care if the whole town is a witness. Oh, if I only had that woman!"

But they had reached a cab close by the entrance. The man, asserting himself vigorously, half pushed the woman in. "Drive south fast," was all he said to the cabman. And south the vehicle went.

THOMAS C. ANDERSON.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

On our sporting page we publish a splendid likeness of Thomas C. Anderson, who, in conjunction with his partner, Dave Heller, keeps one of the best sporting resorts in New Orleans. He is also a member of the Auditorium Club.

JAMES HEALY.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

James Healy is the amateur champion sparring of Wyoming. He appeared at one of Corbett's exhibitions and is anxious to spar any amateur in the country. His picture appears on the sporting page.

STEWART H. BELL.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

A picture of Stewart H. Bell appears on our sporting page. He is the champion cake-walker of Jacksonville, Fla., and is also the head waiter at the St. James Hotel.

GUS CAMPBELL.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Gus Campbell is a young musical artist of much promise. His features are portrayed on another page.

Was she "Mistress or Wife?" by Paul de Kock, No. 13 of FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES. An exquisite story, in the best vein of the famous French writer, with 72 unique illustrations. Price 50 cents, by mail or from any newsdealer. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.



SHE PURSUED HIM IN HER NIGHTGOWN.

tells about the multitudes of people that have been calling since she began to confine her husband and what they all said and did.

A few days later there was a flash of a white nightgown and the swish of a rawhide in Greenwich street. Both were in the hands of Mrs. Meniecke. The nightgown was the one in which her husband braved the chill night air when he fled from his house like a phantom in the night.

Mrs. Meniecke waved the garment like an oriflamme of war while she sawed the air with the rawhide in an attempt to chastise her brother-in-law, Edward Boese, whom she charges with assisting in the alienation of her husband's affections.

Mrs. Meniecke punctuated the blows with caustic remarks. "You would try to rob me of my husband, would you," she shouted, as she swished her rawhide right and left. "My husband may be a poor, weak creature, but I want you to understand that I am able to look out for myself."

Boese had just reached the bottom of the stairs leading to his office at No. 257 Greenwich street, when the attack was made. He is not a robust man, and this, with the suddenness of the onslaught, caused him to waver. For an instant he stood helpless, while blows rained upon him. Then he beat a hasty retreat. He did not try to reply to the remarks hurled after him. He simply went up the stairs three steps at a time, and took refuge in a little wire cage that surrounds his desk. Once inside, with the door securely fastened, he perched himself on his stool and peered out at the angry woman

NEXT WEEK! Published Thursday, May 10th. The Realistic and Handsome Supplement depicting Corbett and Jackson in Fighting attitudes. Price 10 cents, at all newsdealers, or you will be sure of getting it by sending \$1.00 for 13 weeks' subscription to

RICHARD K. FOX, PUBLISHER, NEW YORK.

GIRLS AS BANDITS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

One of the roughest regions in West Virginia is on the ridge between Twelve Pole and Tom's Creek, in Wayne County, about twenty miles south of Huntington. The ridge road is travelled very little. Recently a number of men passing over it at night on horseback have been held up. When William Balanee was stopped and relieved of \$100 recently by two robbers he says he found that the bandits were women in disguise, and that they were Ella and Tina Gore, daughters of a respectable farmer.

STOLE A YACHT.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Captain George Robinson missed his sloop yacht from her moorings at Centre Moriches, L. I., recently. He finally discovered it in the distance with four men on board. Chase was given and the constable succeeded in arresting the four men. They will be brought before the court and an effort will be made to connect them

A SUCCESSFUL BENEFIT.

Organized by the "Police Gazette"
for Harry Hill.

THE VETERAN IS PLEASED.

An Interesting Sketch of the Career of a
Square Sporting Man.

SOME NOTED MEN THAT HE KNEW.

Harry Hill, "the squarest man" that ever ran a sporting resort, has been in destitute circumstances in Maspeth, L. I., for some time.

Ten years ago Harry Hill's place at the corner of Houston and Crosby streets was known by reputation all over the United States. The genial, hearty proprietor was reputed to be a millionaire, and his note was good for almost any amount in any bank in New York city.

There are thousands of men in New York to-day who remember the old house of entertainment with feelings akin to affection, and there are hundreds of them who now occupy high places in business and politics who could tell great stories of the nights when they used to open wine with the thick-set, smooth-shaven Englishman, while the common run of men and women drank beer at the little tables and looked at them with envy. Nobody in those days dreamed that the time would ever come when Harry would ask for a few dollars from the men who made much of him.

It was a business to which he had devoted over thirty years of his life. He used to love to tell of his coming to this country on a sailing vessel in 1850, and landing at the port of Flushing, L. I. In England he had been a truckman and a frequenter of the race track at Epsom, in which town he was born. It was at that track that George M. Woolsey, of the old sugar manufacturing firm of Howland, Aspinwall & Woolsey, became acquainted with Hill, and engaged him to come to this country and take charge of his stable in Astoria. Then Hill ran a livery stable for a while close to the old Bull's Head Hotel in Third avenue, sold horses to the Third avenue street railroad, just starting, and drove the first car himself from the City Hall to Harlem over that route. It was there that he became acquainted with Moses Bierbach, with whom he afterward transacted a good deal of business.

In 1854 Hill bought out a grocery at the corner of Houston and Crosby streets and got a grocer's license to sell liquors. That was the beginning of his sporting resort. He was a little giant in those days, handy with his fists, and particularly good at wrestling, and the sporting element of the neighborhood came to make the corner grocery a kind of headquarters. Hill was always master of his own shop, and administered an impartial justice. He never called on the police for any assistance.

Hill's physical powers gave him more than a local fame, and John Morrissey got acquainted with him and liked him so well that he backed him to the extent of \$2,500 a side for a wrestling match with Lieut. Ainsworth of New Britain, Conn. Ainsworth was at that time famous, and called himself champion of the United States. The match came off in Mozart Hall, April 14, 1863, and Harry Hill was victor. After that Morrissey was his firm friend.

At this time the grocery had failed to exist, Hill had got hold of adjoining stores and had extended his place over them. He continued to do this as fast as the leases ran out. He erected a stage in the main saloon and gave concerts and boxing bouts on it every night. He had a lot of quaint prints adorning the walls, and among these pictures of sporting-champions and women appeared placards bearing such mottoes as these:

Members of this club must not indulge in foul or obscene language. Take a little wine for thy stomach's sake.

Lovers not appreciated here, therefore not wanted.

No chance to secure a novel attraction was ever lost by Harry Hill. One day he was going down to the ferry on his way home and he saw a clown ringing a bell. The clown was dressed in the usual cap and variegated pantaloons, the only novel thing about him being a watch which Hill says weighed seven pounds. He was shouting to the crowd to stop and see the largest hog in the world.

"I thought it was some dodge," says Hill in telling the story, "but I went in just for fun, and upon my soul I saw there the biggest pig I ever saw before or after. Yes, sir, he was so high when he stood up that I had to stand on tiptoe and raise my shoulder like this to throw my arm over his back. He measured 18 feet along his back."

"Are you sure of that, Mr. Hill?"

"Yes, sir. Eighteen feet, easy. Why, if you straightened out his curly tail, and measured from the tip of his snout to the tip of his tail, he was nineteen feet long."

"Lord, I says to the showman, 'what is this—a horse?'"

"No," says the showman, "that's a Pennsylvania hog."

"What'll you take for him?" says I.

"One hundred and fifty dollars," says he.

"Does that include the watch and the bell?" says I.

"Well, I bought that hog, and the time we had getting him into my place was worth a thousand dollars to see. In those days I used to keep the English papers on my tables for the entertainment of my patrons. There was one stiff old Scotchman who used to come in to read the papers. He was one of these dignified fellows, and you could never surprise him or make him smile. We called him the Professor. He was sitting at one of the tables reading when the boys got there after midnight with that hog. We shouted to everybody to look out, but the Scotchman only drew his chair a tuck nearer the table, and kept on reading, without looking around. The boys had stopped at every saloon on the way for drinks, and they were feeling pretty good. Somehow |

the hog got away from them after they started him into the door, and he made a blind rush to escape. Well, sir, his snout went under the back of the professor's chair, and he just lifted chair, professor, table, papers, and all like the cowcatcher of a locomotive, and pitched them all over the place. Then the hog ran into the barroom. He was so big he could not turn around, and I thought he would wreck the place before we could back him out.

"We kept him for months. That hog was responsible for more drunkenness in the city of New York during that time than all other agencies put together. It was before the time of breweries, and I had a lot of fine English ale on tap that was just as strong as brandy. Two men would come in together with a piece of string and measure the hog. Then they would go down Broadway, each holding one end of the string, and would tell everyone they knew that they had seen a hog as long as the string. Then there would be bets of the drunks that they had not. One or two glasses of that old ale would make a man tipsy, and every man who got stuck for the drunks would join the party on its next trip down Broadway after a new victim."

It was Harry Hill's boast that nobody was ever robbed in his place. He was scrupulously honest and used often to relieve a drunken man of his roll and return it to him when the drunkard got sober. Thousands of dollars at a time used to be intrusted to him for safe-keeping, and he always returned it. It is said that on one occasion a drunken man gave him \$84,000 to take care of and got it back intact when his spurs were over. There were many rough and tumble fights in Hill's place, however, and several times rowdies entered the resort with the intention of "doing" the proprietor. He overcame these desperados without the aid of the police, Billy Edwards once giving him valuable assistance.

Hill had been married before coming to this country, and he had three sons. It used to be said of him with approval by the women who frequented his place that none of his family was ever allowed to enter the resort. Hill's wife, however, left him years ago and is now living with one of her sons in Flushing. Until Hill's famous quarrel with the police his career was a regular and brilliant progress. He was reputed to be worth \$1,000,000, and he himself claims that he was worth \$500,000. He was a favorite stakeholder for betting men as well as for the contestants in trials of skill and strength. He was

Hill parted with them he got back only a fraction of what he had spent on them. While he had them they got into collisions and involved him in endless lawsuits.

"When Hill purchased his estate at Flushing he left a mortgage on it, which was held by the trustees of Hempstead township. He also owed thousands of dollars to Mr. Chesebrough, the inventor of vaseline. He took a pride in the fact that his name was good in any bank, and endorsed notes for friends utterly regardless of business principles.

"Then came his quarrel with the police. The receipts of his house fell from six or seven thousand dollars a day to almost nothing. He made desperate efforts to retrieve his fortunes, but each effort left him in worse straits than before. He sunk \$30,000 in an effort to start what he called the Curio, now Clark's, on Broadway, near Houston street. His notes began to fall due, and he was compelled to raise funds to meet them by further mortgages on his Flushing property. The authorities refused to grant him a license, and P. T. Barnum turned him out. Hertzberg, Moses Bierbach and Browning, the builder, were some of those who held his notes, and they pressed for payment.

"The first news that Harry Hill was on the brink of failure was a libel filed against him for a bill for coal used on his steamers. He owed thousands for coal alone. Hertzberg was the first holder of his notes to sue him and Hill raised enough to pay Hertzberg, who lost it all in establishing Paul Bauer's saloon. At this time Hill's Flushing Hotel burned. The Hempstead trustees next called in \$40,000 in mortgages. Hill's and business was sold out. Then a mortgage on another large residence he owned near his Flushing house was foreclosed and he lost that. Mr. Chesebrough used him with the utmost kindness, but he was forced to foreclose his mortgages and that meant the sacri-

posters announcing that the result of the rounds would be bulletined in front of this place. How many people do you think came to see it? Not one, and I had gone to the expense of a special wire."

Mr. Hill was far more interested in describing his former successes than his recent failures. He merely said he had been too proud up to this time to let his poverty be generally known. He had absolutely no capital and he was forced to take any opportunity that offered to make a scanty living.

"If I only had a couple of thousand dollars," he said, "I could start a good, respectable road house somewhere outside New York and Brooklyn. I have friends enough who drive out occasionally, to support such a place. If you intend to write anything about me I wish you would mention the fact that when I ran the old place on Houston street I gave the use of my stage every Thursday for some charity or other. Every Thursday we had a benefit performance, and I furnished the house and a good many of the performers, too, and every dollar taken in went to swell the amount given to the beneficiary."

Harry Hill looks sad when asked for a list of the places in which he has tried to make a living since the Harlem venture was sold out. He first went over to a place on Ewen street, Greenpoint; then to the Plank road in Jamaica. Failing there, he applied for a license to the authorities of Hollis, L. I., but some of the newspapers opposed that, and the license was revoked. He successively failed in Ozone Park and in East New York. His little place in Maspeth costs him \$20 a month rent. During the whole two hours the reporter was there only one customer entered the door. Mr. Hill lives in the saloon and does his own cooking in the rear room. He sleeps in a little room up stairs. It is told of him in this city that one of the coldest days last winter he was met walking through the streets and shivering.

"Where's your overcoat?" one asked.

"Had to hock it," replied the old sport.

Persistent inquiry drew out the fact that "Baby," as he calls the little orphan who shares his misfortunes, needed clothes to wear to school, and old Harry had pawned his overcoat to buy her a cloak.

Mr. Hill's three sons are all living, but they are none of them in a position to support their father. Edward is a pilot, employed by Boyer & Co., who succeeded his father as owners of the ferry. Richard keeps a small hotel in Flushing, but has absolutely no means. William is a janitor in a house in this city.

Mr. Hill says he is 60 years old. His lawyer says he has sons who are over 50, and that his true age is about 74. It is only a part of Harry Hill's pride to resist the flight of years. His face is more wrinkled than formerly, but his eye is not dimmed nor his natural force abated. They tell stories in Maspeth of his having exerted an amazing amount of strength on one or two recent occasions when it became necessary to eject quarrelsome customers from his little saloon out there. Harry Hill is still boss of his own shop.

With characteristic generosity, the POLICE GAZETTE organized a fund for the veteran sportsman, Mr. Richard K. Fox heading the subscription with \$100. Others who subscribed were:

Henry Clay Miner, \$100. A Brooklyn Friend, \$75. A. H. Hummel, \$50. Gus Hill, \$50. Tony Pastor, \$25. F. E. Cabus, \$25. Mr. Cunover, \$25. Peter De Lacey, \$20. Reginald Durant, \$10. T. Gerrity, \$10. G. E. Harding, \$10. John W. Mackay, \$10. Lafayette Masonic Lodge, \$10. Anthony Miller, \$5. Billy Madden, \$5. Alderman Patrick F. Ferrigan, \$5. A Friend, \$5. James Gallagher, \$5. Thomas Sherlock, \$3. William C. Mangin, \$2. Thomas Pearson, Excise Dept., \$2. D. C. Cannon, Gravesend, L. I., \$1. Chas. S. Morris, \$1. Martin Julian, \$1. Daniel S. Goldner, \$1. John Newell, of Newell's Hotel, Pittsburg, Pa., \$10.00. Billy Edwards and friends, \$20.00.

A benefit was also arranged for him by Mr. Fox and it took place at Henry C. Miner's People's Theatre on April 29th. A splendid variety bill was presented and quite a large sum was realized. Among the professionals who appeared were Theo, Kitty Coleman, Blanche Siegrist, Estelle Wellington, Grace Sherwood, Annie Hart, Fred Roberts, Charles B. Nelson, Mamie Milledge, George H. Wood, "Tiddiewinks," W. S. Ponton, Gus Hill, the Washburne Sisters, Harris and Walters, Littlefield, the mimic, James Thornton, who sang a song he had composed especially for the occasion, entitled: "Fistic Heroes, Past and Present;" Bonnie Thornton, Maggie Cline, Webber and Fields, J. W. Kelly, Lottie Gilson and Frank Bush. Harry Hill himself took part in the entertainment, giving an exhibition of Indian club swinging, for which he once held the championship. He says he was the first to give exhibitions of this art, and that he never refused to perform with the clubs free of charge for any worthy benefit. If the variety actresses who first performed on Harry Hill's little stage in the Houston street resort, and the pugilists and singers and tumblers who got their start in life in the same place could have been gathered together for the benefit it would have been a spectacle worth going thousands of miles to see. Through the efforts of the POLICE GAZETTE he will be quite comfortable for some time to come.

A CHARMING TRIO.

[WITH PORTRAITS.]

Geraldine Ulmar, Mile. Bianca and Kitty Coleman are the beauties on our theatrical page. Miss Ulmar is an American girl who is a prominent comic opera prima donna in England; Mile. Bianca is a well-known French burlesque; Kitty Coleman is a clever soubrette, now appearing in Dan McCarthy's Irish plays.

JAMES W. JOHNSON.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

In this issue of the POLICE GAZETTE we publish a portrait of James W. Johnson, the champion middle-weight of Indiana. He has won thirty-eight battles and fought three draws. Johnson is eager to meet Frank Craig, the Harlem Coffee Cooler, in a 10-round contest.

DAVE HELLER.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

A good picture of Dave Heller appears on our sporting page. He is one of the best known men in New Orleans, and is especially popular with the sporting fraternity.

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FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES. A vivid and graphic picture of Bohemian life in Paris. Illustrated with 93 rare and beautiful drawings. Price 50 cents, sent by mail to any address, securely wrapped, by RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.



AT HARRY HILL'S RESORT.

one of those who backed Billy Edwards in his fight with Sam Collyer and he was stakeholder in 1870, when Jem Mace and Joe Coburn signed for a fight for \$5,000. He held \$25,000 of stakes deposited with him by bettors when Sullivan whipped Ryan at Mississippi City. He owned a farm at Flushing, where he raised fast horses and fancy cattle and pigs. He had a road house there and two beautiful country houses. The story of his speedy loss of everything is thus told by his lawyer, Reginald S. Durant, of Howe & Hummel's office.

"Harry Hill was certainly worth as much as \$400,000 at one time. He bought 450 acres of land in Flushing, extending from the town of Flushing almost to Bowery Bay. The property contained the most valuable deposits of building sand in the world. The trouble was that Hill was an illiterate man and knew almost nothing of business methods. On his property he built a very fine country house and also a hotel known as the Flushing Hotel. Working the sand deposits, which he sold to almost anybody on credit without adequate security, necessitated buying tugs and building a small railroad. From owning tugs, Hill branched out as a steamboat proprietor. His ambition was to build up the town of Flushing by establishing a steam ferry line for passengers between his landing in that place and the foot of Fulton street in this city. In this venture he sunk thousands of dollars. The ferry is now owned by Boyer & Co., and is used only as a freight route.

"Seeing that the ferry business was not going to succeed, Harry Hill rented his boats for excursions. One of them, the Harry Hill, is now plying on the Indian river in Florida, and is the most palatial vessel in those waters. The ferry is now owned by Boyer & Co., and is used only as a freight route.

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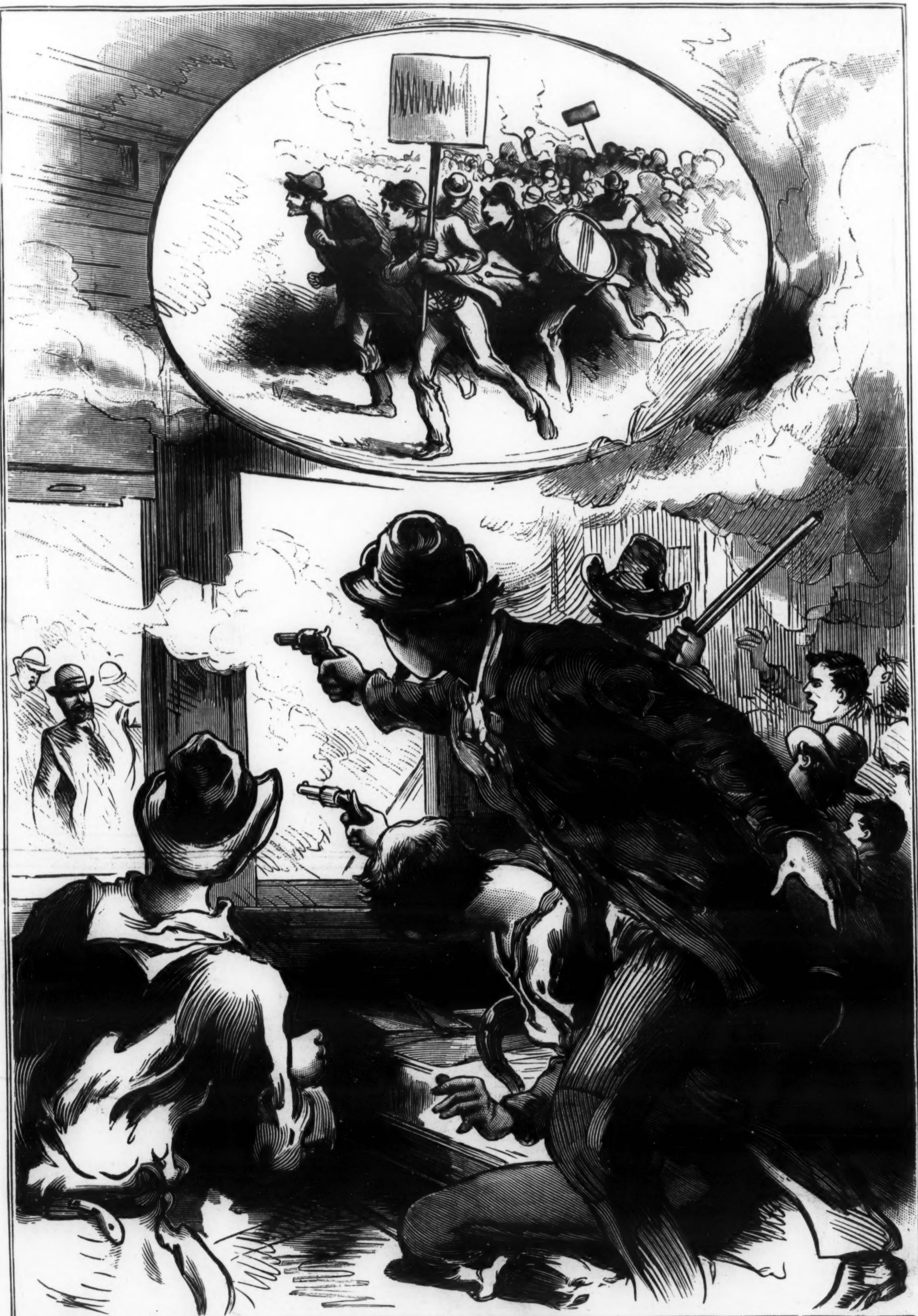
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BATTLE WITH COXEY'S FOLLOWERS.

A LIVELY EXCHANGE OF SHOTS BETWEEN THE INDUSTRIALS AND A POSSE OF UNITED STATES DEPUTY-MARSHALS, AT BILLINGS, MONTANA.



TRIED TO SAVE HER CHILDREN.

A FRENZIED MOTHER BRAVELY WIELDS AN AXE ON HER BURNING HOME, SOUTH SCRANTON, PA.



GIRLS AS BANDITS.

TWO OF THEM, IN MEN'S CLOTHES, HOLD UP AND RELIEVE WEST VIRGINIANS OF THEIR WEALTH.

IN THE PUGILISTIC WORLD.

Boxing Contests Are No Longer
Illegal in Louisiana.

SO THE COURT HAS DECIDED

The Olympic Club Offers \$25,000 for
the Corbett-Jackson Fight.

GOSSIP ABOUT THE FIGHTERS.

The Supreme Court of Louisiana gave on April 23 a decision in favor of boxing at the Olympic Club. The bench stood 3 to 1, one or the justices not participating. Here is the syllabus:

"A criminal statute denouncing what is commonly called prize fighting to be a misdemeanor, punishable by fine and imprisonment, coupled with a promise that the provisions of the act shall not apply to exhibitions and glove contests between human beings, which may take place within the rooms of regularly chartered athletic clubs, presents a question of fact to be determined by the court or jury as to whether any given contest or series of contests come under the designation of the statute as a prize fight or within the scope and meaning of the proviso as a glove contest. As the State of Louisiana is in court seeking the forfeiture of the defendant's charter on the ground that the corporation has committed acts *ultra vires* of its charter, and is met with the provisions of an act of its own legislation, which in terms authorizes just such contests as the witnesses describe the club contests to have been, this court will be excused for declining to disturb a finding of a jury in favor of a defendant on a question of fact. Conceding such contests to be violation of good words and of sound public policy, the remedy comes plainly within the prerogative of the legislative department of the government, which alone can be looked to for relief."

William A. Scholl, president of the Olympic Club, immediately wired to Richard K. Fox, proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, on April 23, as follows:

"Cable Corbett and offer him \$25,000 to meet Jackson before the Olympic Club. I authorize you to make the match. We are satisfied with you as stakeholder. We would like the match to take place in July, but we are satisfied to let Corbett fix the date. Wire Jackson and see if you can get his consent to contest here."

Mr. Fox immediately cabled to George W. Atkinson, the London representative of the POLICE GAZETTE, and telegraphed Charles E. Davies, the manager of Peter Jackson. The following was received from Mr. Atkinson on April 24:

"I saw Corbett at the Victoria Hotel. He was very much obliged to Mr. Fox for the cable. He says it is impossible for him to wire acceptance of the Olympic Club purse. As the articles state that the match must take place North of Mason and Dixon's line, Jackson's consent must be obtained before decision could be arrived at to box in New Orleans. In any case, present articles must become null and void and stakes withdrawn. He finds it impossible for me to take place at New Orleans in July owing to the hot weather, and also to the fact that his engagements in England and on the continent will not permit of his boxing with Jackson before October. Corbett does not draw the color line. He will fight Jackson, having given his word to do so. Any fair place will suit him. He has no objection to New Orleans, having every confidence in club and Mr. Fox as purser. The contest, however, must be for the best purse. If the Olympic Club makes the best offer and Jackson is willing, Corbett will fight there any reasonable time after European tour. He will require three months to train. Corbett is delighted. His success at Drury Lane Theatre is far beyond his expectations, and he has sent for his wife to come over."

From Jackson's manager, the following telegram was received on April 26:

"Jackson will not fight south of Mason and Dixon's line. Corbett is aware of that, as it is so stipulated in the present articles. Thanks for offer."

A letter from William A. Scholl, the president of the Olympic Club, of New Orleans, was received a few days ago at the POLICE GAZETTE office confirming his telegram. He also added:

"I wish you would write Gorman and offer him the same purse he received when he fought Levy, to meet Harry, of Chicago. If he will not agree to the match, make the offer to Levy to take his place. Also match Fitzsimmons to meet Choyinski for \$5,000 purse, \$250 allowance for expenses."

From the above, it is easy to foresee that there is likely to be a great revival of boxing contests at New Orleans, and it is to be hoped that the above matches will be successfully arranged. Dixon received good treatment at the hands of the Southern public when he fought there, and Jackson need have no fear that he will not receive a fair show south of Mason and Dixon's line."

George Suddons, who was defeated by Eddie Loeser, is trying to get a finish match with Loeser.

Hornor Leeds and Stanton Abbott, of England, will meet in a six-round go in New York next month.

Johnny Van Heest is matched to fight Jack Keef in Kansas City May 12, for \$500 a side and a \$500 purse.

Martin Flaherty, the Lowell featherweight, is to box Tom Connolly eight rounds in Buffalo next month.

Charlie Johnson, the St. Paul welterweight, and Austin Gibbons are to fight at Norfolk for \$1,000 a side and a \$1,000 purse.

Jim Daly, the Buffalo heavyweight, has accepted an offer to box the "Harlem Coffee Cooler" a limited number of rounds May 5.

Jim Boyle, the lightweight champion of Scotland, was matched to meet Arthur Valentine, but later refused to go on with the match.

Tim Murphy called at the "Police Gazette" office on April 24, and stated he was willing to fight any man in America at 112 or 114 pounds.

A. St. John, ex-champion welterweight pugilist of Canada, has challenged Arthur Schram, the present champion, to a 10-round contest.

The battle to a finish between Batty Weldon of this city and Young Cooke of Brooklyn, which was to have been decided this week has been postponed.

Danny Needham is out with a statement that he is willing to fight any man in the country at 145 to 150 pounds, and gives the preference to Dick O'Brien of Lewiston, Me.

Tom Denny, of Australia, and Charley Ingram, have been engaged by the National Sporting Club to fight for a \$300 purse. Denny is a brother to Martin Denny.

Mrs. Elizabeth Goss, the widow of Joe Goss, the well-known pugilist who died several years ago, committed suicide in Boston, Mass., on April 19, by inhaling gas.

Recently Jack Murphy, of Salt Lake City, and "Kid" Henry, of Chicago, fought to a finish near Oregon, Ill. Henry knocked out his opponent in the eighth round.

Tom O'Rourke, backer of George Dixon, the featherweight champion pugilist, has posted \$1,000 in Boston to match Dixon against the Kentucky Rosebud for \$2,500 a side.

At Perth Amboy, N. J., recently Lew Dennis and Charley Milford fought according to "Police Gazette" rules. Dennis ended the battle in the third round by making Milford quit.

J. B. Allen of Pittsburgh wires the "Police Gazette" that he will match Jas. Simpson to fight any 135-pound man in the country for \$250 to \$1,000 a side and gate receipts, winner take all.

Barney Smith, the well-known lightweight, was presented with a splendid specimen of physical beauty recently. He weighed 10 pounds, and congratulations are pouring in upon the delighted parents.

The Chicago "Herald" says: "Mike Boden says that if Fitzsimmons does not accept Jim Hall's challenge he (Boden) will agree to stop Hall in 10 rounds, London rules, or join Coxey's army." Coxey will then certainly have another recruit.

Harry Hawes and Louis Bezenah, have been matched to fight for \$500 a side and a purse at 119 pounds. Hawes is colored and Bezenah is a brother to the lightweight of that name, that was killed while boxing in Wm. Muldoon's company.

J. D. Hopkins has given up the management of Tom Tracy. A few days before the latter fought Walcott, Col. Hopkins sent word to Jim Wright, who managed the Music Hall show, to let Tracy paddle his own canoe if he lost to Walcott.

There is great rejoicing in the Olympic Athletic Club of New Orleans. The Supreme Court of Louisiana affirmed the decision of the lower court, which makes boxing contests for purses, under the auspices of regularly incorporated clubs, legal.

Jim Barren, of Australia, and Dutch Neal, who claims the welterweight championship of the West, fought in the Pastime Athletic Association arena at Memphis, Tenn., recently, for a purse of \$1,000, to a finish. The fight lasted two rounds, Neal being knocked out.

Charley Kelly, the local bantam, is doing his utmost to induce Sammy Kelly to fight him. Kelly says his namesake cannot very well refuse to grant him a match, for he has a reputation equal to his, and what's more, he can get backing, which always counts within the ranks.

Mike Daly, the lightweight pugilist, was going with a party of young men around Bangor, Me., on April 24. Daniel Sullivan, who was drunk and ugly, attacked Daly with a club, not giving a word of warning, and knocked him senseless. Daly recovered a short time later.

Frank Stevenson called at the "Police Gazette" office April 27, and stated he would like to arrange a 10-round glove contest with Peter Maher and George Godfrey, to take place in Boston. If Maher is willing and sends his address to the POLICE GAZETTE a match will be arranged.

Griff is a very heavy featherweight, and looks when stripped more of a lightweight. He is evidently averse to training, for he has persistently endeavored to get on all his matches at catch-weight, and it is under these conditions that he recently fought Ike Wier and Johnny Griffen.

George Boyce, of Richmond, Ind., the lightweight champion of that State, and Charles Slusher, of Louisville, lightweight champion of Kentucky, have been matched to fight in May for a purse of \$1,000, at 133 pounds. Slusher is the man who whipped Vokes in Kentucky recently.

Willie Smith, the champion 114-pound pugilist of England, who is considered a dangerous rival of Plummer, is matched to fight Jack Ryans of Lancashire for the championship and \$1,000 in London, May 21. The winner will come to this country and challenge Dixon and Plummer.

Joe Walcott, the colored lightweight champion of America, who recently settled the pugilistic aspirations of the Australian champion, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office on April 24. He stated that he was prepared to fight any 133-pound man in America or England, and Tom O'Rourke will back him for any amount.

A prize fight took place at Pembina, Mo., on April 22 between Billy Moss, of Holmes Camp, and La Chappelle, of Menominee, Mich. La Chappelle claimed a foul in the eleventh round and was awarded the fight. Moss had his jaw broken in two places in the second round, but made a game fight after that notwithstanding.

In Boston sports are still discussing the Walcott-Tracy bout, and there is a great difference in their opinions as to the boxing abilities of Tracy. They all, however, agree that he is not a fair boxer, for he tried three or more times to hit Walcott below the belt. Another time he put his thumb in Walcott's eye and also wrung his nose several times.

The fight between Roberts and Bolton in the National Sporting Club, London, Eng., recently, was a spirited affair. In the fifth round Roberts nailed Bolton on the jaw with the right and topped him over. Bolton tried in vain to get up in the 10 seconds' grace allowed, and to the surprise of all present, Roberts thus easily gained the victory.

Billy Madden intends to assume the management of Steve O'Donnell, the Irish champion, and arrange several important matches for the clever Australian boxer. O'Donnell is one of the cleverest big men now on this side of the Atlantic, and if he allows Madden to hustle for him the Australian heavyweight champion will have plenty of work.

George La Blanche, the pugilist familiarly known as "The Marine," was arraigned in Court in Chicago recently charged with assault and battery, carrying concealed weapons and disorderly conduct. He was arrested on a warrant which was sworn out by his wife, who alleges that the Marine exercised his pugilistic propensities with her as the victim.

Eddie Loeser, the featherweight, has challenged George Dixon, the world's featherweight champion, to fight him. Johnny Murphy also challenged Dixon recently, and Tom O'Rourke, the backer of Dixon, sent word to both pugilists who challenged Dixon that if they will post some money and agree to fight for a good stake Dixon will meet both of them.

Matthew C. Lyons, Jr., Wallace B. Putnam, Thomas Parker, Jr., and Albert A. Munson, the Yale students who are charged with aiding and abetting prize fighting, did not appear in court at New Haven, Conn., when their case was called. Their bonds of \$200 each were called by Judge Cable and forfeited. This will probably be the last of their prosecution.

Tim Hogan, with Marty Delaney, called at the "Police Gazette" office April 27, and left a challenge to match Delaney to box Martin McCullum at catch weight according to Queensberry or "Police Gazette" rules for \$100 a side and a purse. The fight to take place six weeks from signing articles. Hogan agrees to meet McCullum and his backers any day they name to sign articles.

George Dixon and Joe Walcott arrived in New York on April 23, and were entertained at dinner by the Nall brothers in honor of Walcott's victory over Tom Tracy. Dixon speaks in the highest terms of Walcott's fighting ability, and predicts that he will defeat any man in the world at 133 pounds. Dixon is anxious to get on with Plummer or the "Rosebud," but is satisfied neither of them is anxious to have another go.

The long pending prize fight between Joe Thompson and Tom Pashley for £100 was decided recently at Hull, Eng. Only one round was fought, and the fighting was desperate. In the opening of the round Pashley let go the right, and catching Thompson a terrible crash on the jaw, stretched him in the centre of the ring, where he remained senseless long after the stipulated 10 seconds, and Pashley was declared the winner, the contest having lasted one minute and a half.

Jack Slavin, the well known sporting man of Providence, England, and Charles Witmer, of Cincinnati, or the latter and Dan McLeod, of San Francisco, Cal. The following was received at the POLICE GAZETTE office from President Scholl, of the Olympic Club:

PROVIDENCE, R. I., April 28.

RICHARD K. FOX—Sir: While Captain Duncan C. Ross was in Oswego on the 16th inst., he was advertised to wrestle me, which he failed to do, and I was afraid of him. Now, the fact is, I am afraid of no man, and wrestled every wrestler of note who visited this city and have not been defeated yet, and I stand ready to wrestle Ross for \$200 a side in two weeks from date, and if Ross is the wrestler the American press claim he is, he can't ignore this offer.

ALY MORAN, JR.

26 West Vanburen St., Oswego, N. Y.

Alderman Alf. Moran, Jr., is well known as "the strongest man in New York State." He is 28 years of age, stands 5 feet 10 inches and weighs 247 pounds; chest 50½ inches, biceps 18, thigh, 27½, and as a wrestler has never been defeated.

The Olympic Athletic Club, of New Orleans, is eager to bring off a big wrestling match between Tom Connor, champion of England, and Charles Witmer, of Cincinnati, or the latter and Dan McLeod, of San Francisco, Cal. The following was received at the POLICE GAZETTE office from President Scholl, of the Olympic Club:

NEW ORLEANS, La., April 28, 1894.

RICHARD K. FOX—Sir: While Captain Duncan C. Ross was in Oswego on the 16th inst., he was advertised to wrestle me, which he failed to do, and I was afraid of him. Now, the fact is, I am afraid of no man, and wrestled every wrestler of note who visited this city and have not been defeated yet, and I stand ready to wrestle Ross for \$200 a side in two weeks from date, and if Ross is the wrestler the American press claim he is, he can't ignore this offer.

W. A. SCHOLL.

President Olympic Club.

On receiving the above, the Olympic Club's offer was wired to McLeod.

The New Jersey Jockey Club, of which Mr. M. F. Dwyer is president, and whose race course is at Elizabeth, N. J., has leased Jerome Park, Fordham, N. Y. Mr. Dwyer conducted negotiations

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RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, New York.

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for the lease with William R. Travers, and while it is not known exactly what figure he paid, it is safe to say that it is far below the \$35,000 which was asked for the property six weeks ago, when the Monmouth Park management made some inquiries concerning the rental. It is the intention of the New Jersey Club's management to give a thirty days' meeting at Jerome, beginning on July 4 and racing alternate days with the Brighton Beach Racing Association. This will fill in all the time between the Coney Island Jockey Club's spring and fall meetings. A great many improvements and repairs will be made at Jerome Park, and it is the intention of Mr. Dwyer and his associates to frame a first-class programme for the thirty days. Liberal purses will be offered, and a stake will be run each day of sufficient value to attract the best horses in training. Racing will be conducted under the rules and supervision of the Jockey Club, and the meeting will be first-class in every respect.

RICHARD K. FOX TO BUY THE YANKEE DOODLE.

In order to promote racing between steam launches, and in face of the fact that an international race is proposed between the Hibernia, owned by the Kingston Company, of London, Eng., and the Yankee Doodle, the champion steam launch of America, which is owned by the McBride Brothers, of Philadelphia, Pa., Richard K. Fox has decided to buy or build a steam launch which will not only beat the Hibernia, but any steam launch in the world. A few days ago Richard K. Fox wrote to the McBride Bros., asking what they would charge to build a boat able to beat the Yankee Doodle, or if they would sell the latter, and what would be the price. In reply, the following letter was received a few days ago:

PHILADELPHIA, April 26, 1894.

MR. JAMES MOORHEAD, MANAGER POLICE GAZETTE, NEW YORK:

Dear Sir—Your favor of the 24th inst. received and contents noted. We have had several inquiries relative to purchasing our Yankee Doodle, asking price, etc. Our object in building the Yankee Doodle was for the purpose of demonstrating the superiority of our patent steam boiler, which makes absolutely pure dry steam.

We are now fitting in her triple expansion engines, with which we expect to make phenomenal speed. We have not named a price for the Yankee Doodle to any one, and will not do so until after we run her with the new engines, which will be within a week or ten days.

From the sporting reputation of Mr. Richard K. Fox, we think our flyer could not fail into better hands, as he would make bluffers put up or shut up.

When we get her running, if you desire we can notify you and Mr. Fox, so that you could make a visit here, and we could give you a run or shut up.

We have some doubts about building a faster one, as we have reason to believe that our Yankee Doodle can beat anything and everything afloat.

Do you desire us to inform you when she is in commission? With thanks for your kind interest for our flyer, we are, respectfully yours,

McBRIDE BROS.

Should Richard K. Fox secure the Yankee Doodle or have a boat built to exceed her speed, we will send her to England and race against the Hibernia for \$5,000 or \$10,000 a side, or any other steam launch in the world.



A PLUCKY WOMAN.

A TRAMP KISSES MRS. NORA GREEN AND SHE PROMPTLY SHOOTS THE IMPUDENT FELLOW, NEAR NORTONVILLE, KY.



FOUR BURGLARS ATTEMPT TO MAKE WAY WITH A SLOOP AND ARE SUBSEQUENTLY ARRESTED, AT CENTRE MORICHES, L. I.



CHARLES BEARD.

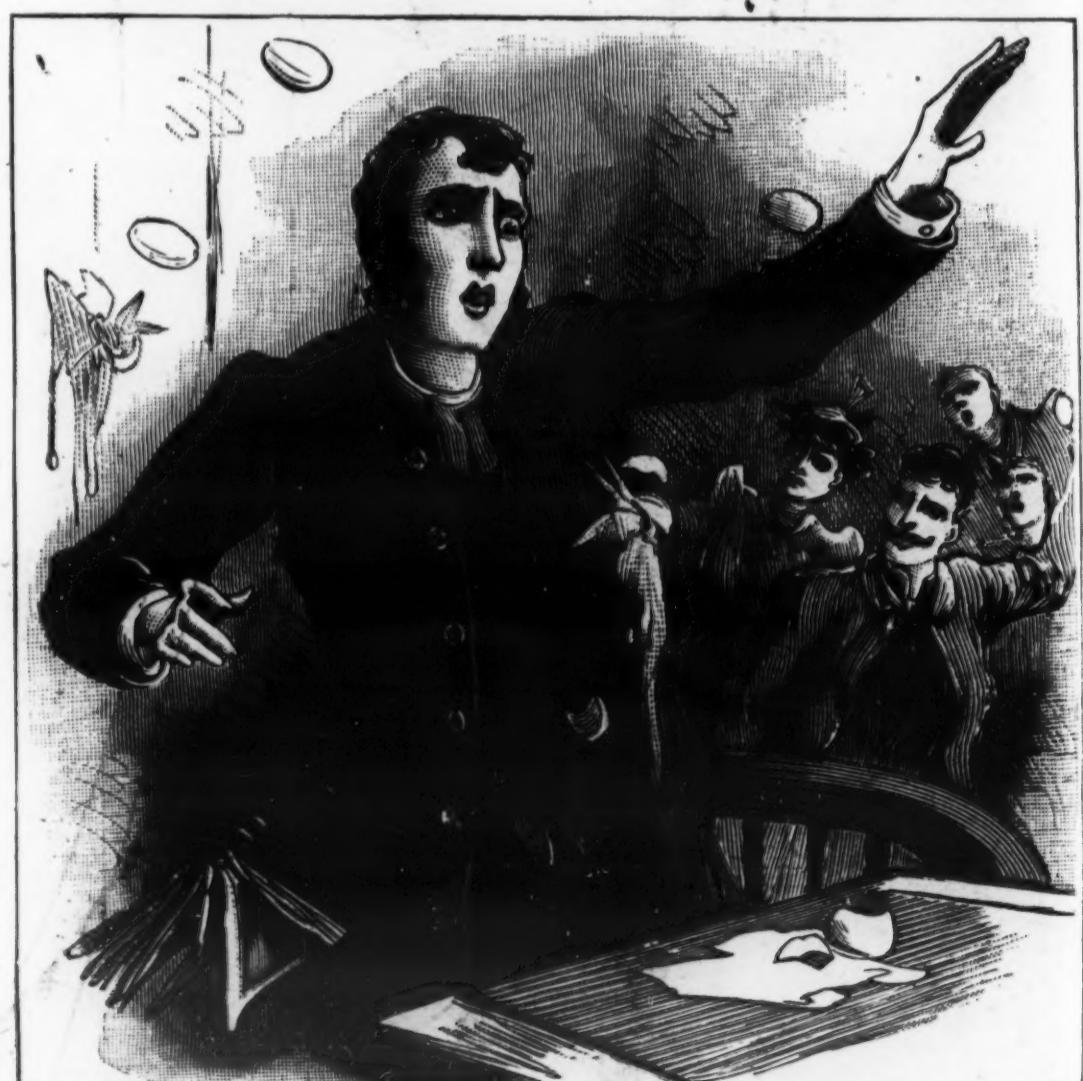
GUS CAMPBELL.

A CLEVER COMEDIAN, WHO PLAYS ON VARIOUS MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS. A YOUNG MUSICAL ARTIST, WHO IS RAPIDLY COMING TO THE FRONT.



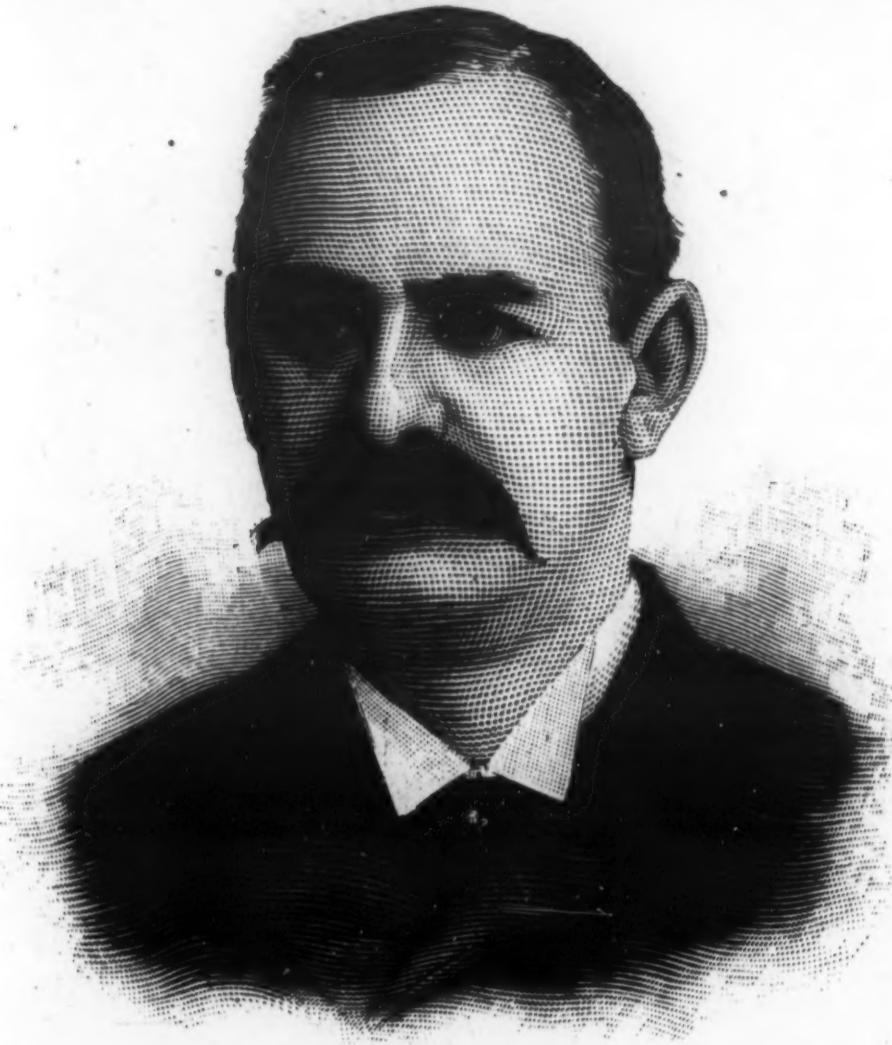
THOMAS J. SHELLEY.

A POPULAR AND WELL-LIKED YOUNG MAN, WHO IS TREASURER OF THE IMPERIAL MUSIC HALL.



EGGED IN HIS PULPIT.

THE UNIQUE WAY IN WHICH THE PARISHIONERS OF A MONUMENT CITY, IND., CHURCH GET RID OF AN OBNOXIOUS PASTOR.



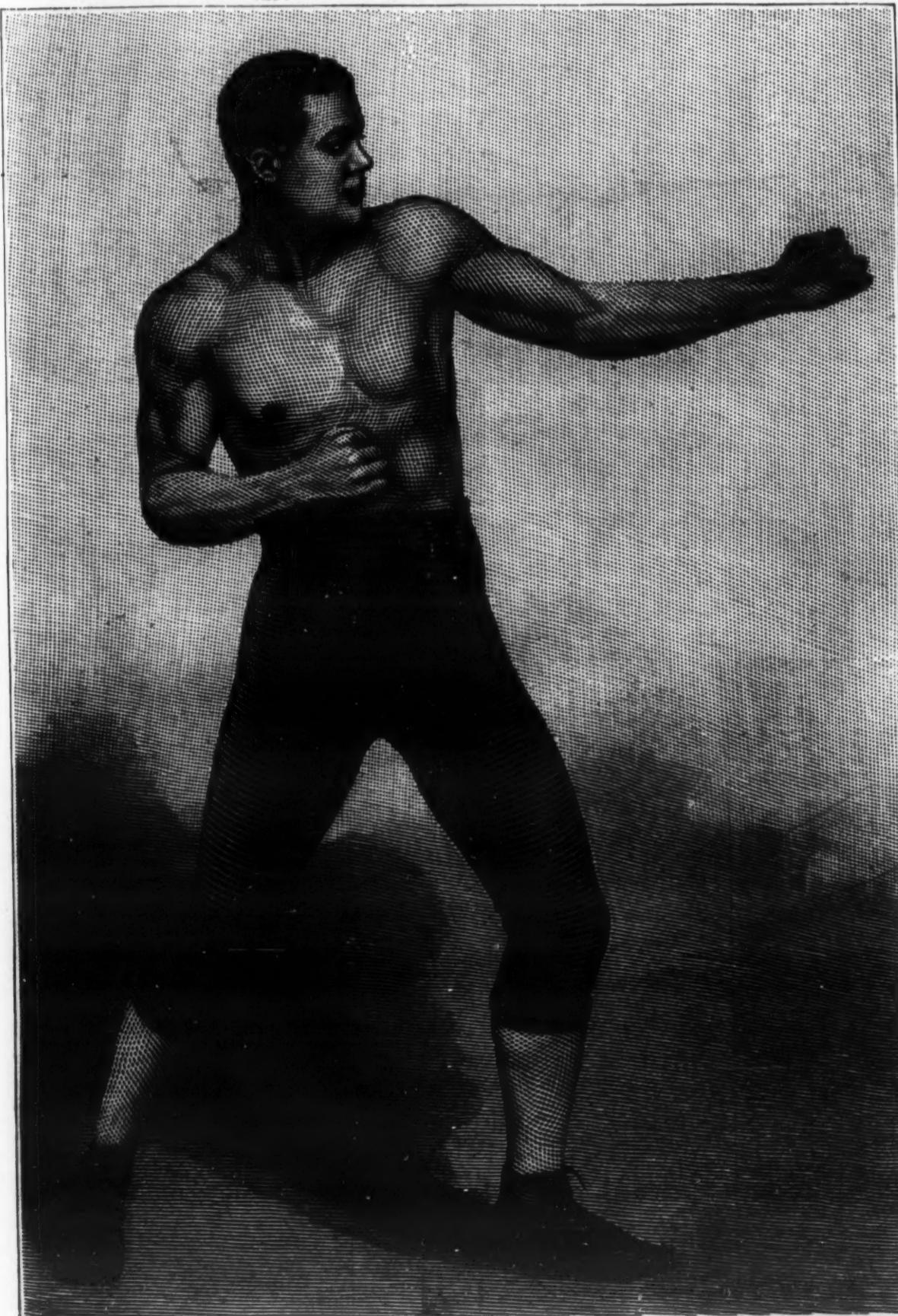
DAVE HELLER.

A PROMINENT AND VERY POPULAR NEW ORLEANS SPORTING MAN, WHO IS AN ACTIVE MEMBER OF THE AUDITORIUM CLUB.



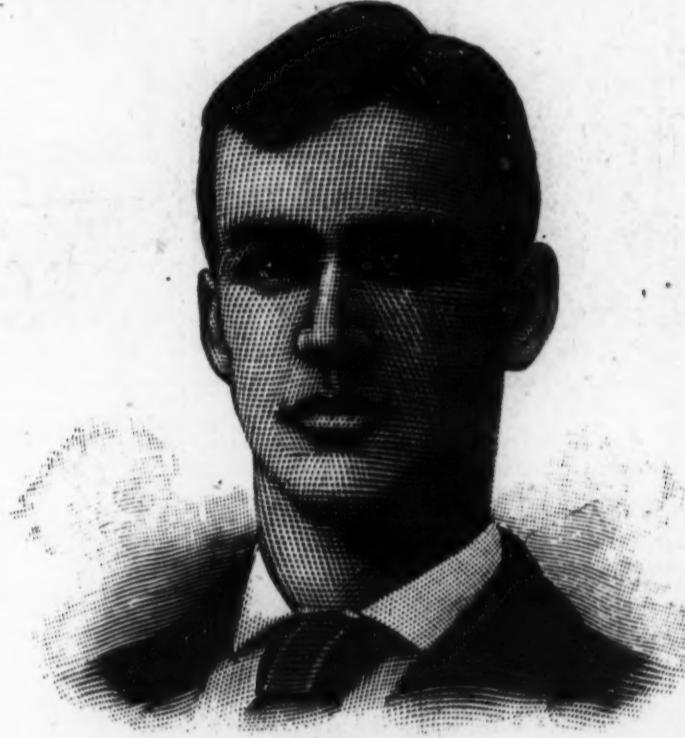
THOMAS C. ANDERSON.

A POPULAR NEW ORLEANS MAN, CONNECTED WITH THE AUDITORIUM CLUB AND WIDELY KNOWN TO ALL THOROUGHBRED SPORTS.



JAMES W. JOHNSON.

THE CHAMPION MIDDLE-WEIGHT PUGILIST OF INDIANA, WHO IS ANXIOUS TO MEET STURDY FRANK CRAIG, THE HARLEM COFFEE COOLER.



JAMES HEALY,
THE AMATEUR CHAMPION SPARRER OF WYOMING, WHO IS LOOKING FOR A MATCH.



STEWART H. BELL.

A CHAMPION CAKE-WALKER, ALSO THE HEAD WAITER AT THE ST. JAMES HOTEL, JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

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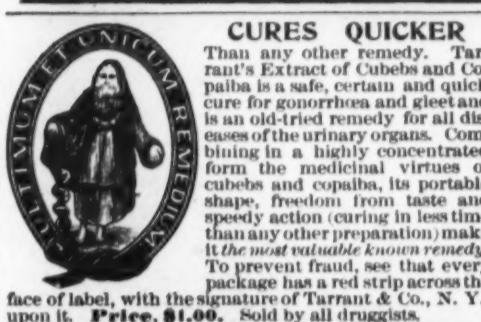
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A surprising fact that thousands of ladies of the U. S. have not used my Face Bleach, on account of price, which is \$9 per bottle, and in order that all may have a fair trial, I will send a Sample Bottle, safely packed, all charges prepaid, on receipt of the FACE BLEACH, removes and cures almost all freckles, pimples, moles, blackheads, sallowness, acne, eczema, wrinkles, or roughness of skin, and beautifies the complexion. Address Mme. A. RUPPERT, 6 E. 14th St., N. Y. City.

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face of label, with the signature of Tarrant & Co., N. Y., upon it. Price, \$1.00. Sold by all druggists.

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Small, weak organs restored. Emissions, Impotency, Varicocele and all effects of Self-Abuse or Excess forever cured. I will gladly send in plain envelope sealed, to all sufferers, full instructions for a **FREE** private home cure. Address, L. BRADLEY, Box 47, Battle Creek, Mich.

SELF-ABUSE CURED. FULL INSTRUCTIONS SENT FREE.

A victim of youthful errors causing Emissions, Small Pains, Lost Manhood, Varicocele, Nervous Debility, etc., will send (sealed) **FREE** to all self-abuse sufferers a simple means of certain self-cure which he discovered after trying in vain all known remedies. Address, G. B. WRIGHT, Box 1281, Music Dealer, Marshall, Mich.

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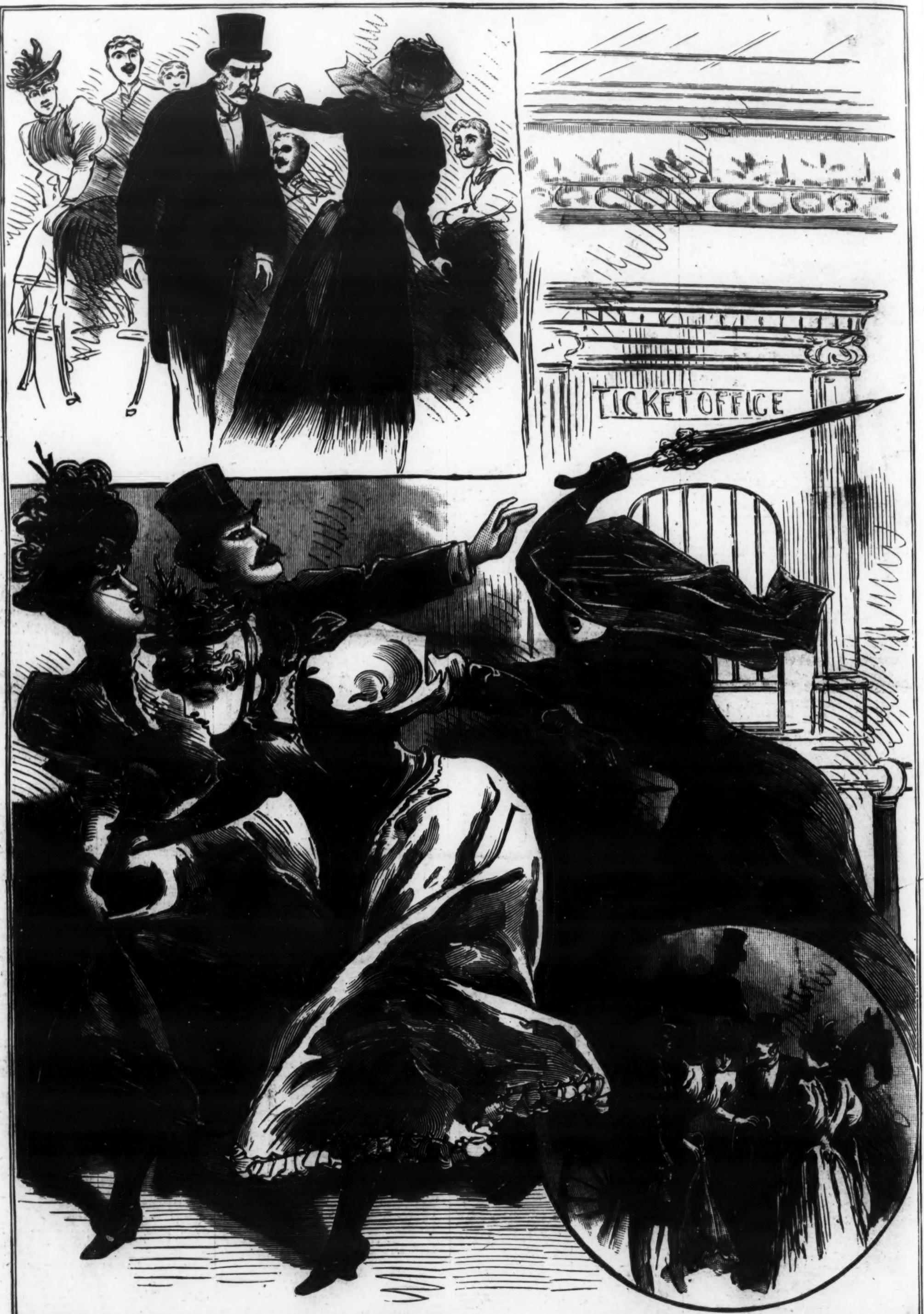
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